

Good Morning

721

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Pets and Plots Make News for C.P.O. Harry Stammers

WE hope you are managing to she has also grown some carrots get in some practice of that and radishes with great success. favourite tune of yours, C.P.O. Your wife is hoping it won't Harry Stammers, because your be long before you can go together young daughter, Barbara, is, and to the "Davis" again during it wouldn't do if you didn't the week-ends which you set harmonise successfully when you aside specially to enjoy with her play those duets again.

Your mother and father and all the folk at Norwood Join them in wishing you all the best and sending you lots of love to sustain you until you return.

We were lucky to find Barbara home when we called at 36 Marden Road, West Croydon, as it was the end of her lunch hour and she was getting ready to return to school. Still, she did stay long enough to give us a picture with your wife, and to tell us how much she wants you home again.

She has been visiting Thornton Heath baths and thinks she can safely promise that she will have learnt to swim by the time you get back.

Your daughter has set her mind on having you back for her next birthday because she says it is so much more fun when you are home.

Incidentally your wife told us that Barbara badly wants a puppy, and she is harbouring great hopes all about your homecoming, her birthday, and the puppy!

While we are on the subject of pets, Trixie, whom you will remember as a kitten, is now grown up and recently had kittens, too. She has formed the devastating habit of running up the curtains, rather to your wife's surprise, as she has formerly been most well-behaved towards the furniture, sharpening her claws on more durable if less attractive things, that she finds on her travels through the garden.

Your wife and daughter are still attending to the garden while you are away, but they both look forward very much to the time when you will be able to help them. It was a pity you weren't home to see the blooms on the rhododendron this year which, as you no doubt know, were its first.

Barbara still has her own plot of garden in which she grows as many flowers as possible, although

All done by good Temper —P.O. Ron Salt

"NOW, come on Dad, slap a little more whitewash up in the corner," said your Mother, P.O. Ronald Salt, as she played foreman to your pop who was on top of the ladder with a bucket of whitewash and a brush. "Never get a minute's peace in this house," said Pop, who was pushing up the front room. At 9 p.m. he downed tools and left 54 Woodland Street, Smethwick, to go out for one.

The whole house was upside down, preparing for the return of your brother John, his wife and baby from Malta. They were expected home at the end of the month. Mum and Dad have never seen their daughter-in-law and grandchild, so you can imagine the excitement.

At least Mother was excited. She was worrying about extra coal for them, coming from a

Millier discusses the possibilities in greyhound racing, and sums up the general prospects of employment in the sporting field.

GREYHOUND racing has flourished during the war and has contributed quite a lot of money to the exchequer in entertainment tax alone, and this in spite of the fact that only half the usual number of meetings have been permitted.

This is not surprising, as there has been plenty of easy money floating about in most quarters and very little to buy. Another factor is that a spot of excitement is a very good antidote to that fed-up feeling, and there has been plenty of that.

This does not mean to imply that directly things become more or less normal the attendances at greyhound meetings will dwindle. I do not think that is likely to happen if the various track authorities put their houses in order. The tracks are, for the most part, run by shrewd business men, and they realise as well as anybody that they can only carry on successfully so long as the sport is run as it should be.

This has not always been so during the war, but then there are many excuses, and the most readily understandable is the shortage of staff. They will not be able to advance this excuse much longer, and I don't suppose they will wish to do so. This means that there ought to be plenty of jobs on the many tracks in this country.

WE have heard a great deal about the request of Tommy Lawton, of Everton, to the directors for his release so that he could live in the south. He withdrew the request, and a number of clubs in the south who were after this great player may have been much disappointed. He joined the Everton Club in 1936 from Burnley.

Before we have got the dirt off our football boots it will be round again to the 1945-46 season. From the close of

the season to the opening date appointed Mr. J. J. Commins, of Southport, as manager.

A good many club managers wish it were longer, for there are more changes in the management of clubs. Norman Bullock, who played for many years for Bury, and went to be the manager at Chesterfield, has returned to Bury to become manager.

Tom Mather, who used to be the manager at Stoke City, and who discovered such internationals Freddie Steele and Frank Sos, Freddie Steele and Frank Sos, has become manager of Leicester City, as successor to Tom Bromilow.

Then we have the Barrow Association club who are now active members of the Third Division North.

They have not been playing during the war years because of travelling difficulties. They have



warm country, and about sheets and blankets. She told us all about it while Pop was smothered in whitewash.

Auntie Ethel was at home. She was anxiously waiting to hear from her husband. Everyone at Woodland Street Club wishes to be remembered to you. Pop still goes there for his pint.

Being a postman your Dad is a good-tempered man. They pull

Ron Richards' Civvy Street Guide

If You Go to the Dogs

There are a few specialised tracks. The Greyhound Racing is not one champion with any pretension of being a world-beater, or anything approaching this standard, and the game is, as a consequence, very flat.

Everyone engaged in the organising of sporting events is now looking forward to a boom period. Sport is our national safety valve, and it is to this that most people will turn now that they may, to a limited extent, relax after the worrying time of the past five or six years.

But many sports promoters are wondering how they will stand when things begin to settle down, meaning when most people will want full value for their money instead of paying whatever they are asked for quite ordinary fare on the take-it-or-leave-it basis of wartime.

Apart from the excess profits tax, there is the present high rate of entertainment tax, which, as usual, is passed on to the public.

Nearly all the boxing shows staged in recent months have been for the Red Cross or other war charities, and in such cases entertainment tax is not levied. When promoters set out to apply the maxim which tells them that charity begins at home, they may find that the high prices will not be at all popular.

If we had any outstanding stars in the boxing world at the present time, I should say that there would still be big money in boxing, despite the high taxes, but unfortunately there

USELESS EUSTACE



"Yes, fired last week, 'e was! Caught makin' aeroplanes in a cigarette-lighter factory!"

ness; certainly not a shady business.

My prophecy, for what it is worth, is that after the transitional period we shall have more amateur sport and fewer professionals, and that will not be a bad thing for sport.

SEA-GREEN GRANNY

"GRANNY" Sarah Harper, elder of two centenarian inmates of Southampton's Public Assistance Institution at West End, died three months after celebrating her 102nd birthday.

This sturdy old soul started a sea career when she was nearly 60 and did not retire until she was 82!

She was 58 when she obtained a post as a stewardess with the Southampton and Isle of Wight Steampacket Company.

"I shall never forget my first trip," she used to say. "I was very, very sick. I said I couldn't go on with the job but they laughed at me. I went out again next day—and I've never been sea-sick since!"

Mrs. Harper gave up the sea when she was 82. "I thought it was time I settled down, she would say with a twinkle of her bright blue eyes."

BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . .

BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address :

"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

Proposals

"Barkis is willing."
From "David Copperfield."
* * *

NAPOLEON TO COUNTESS WALESKA.

Jan., 1807 (?)

I HAVE seen only you; I have admired only you; I desire only you. A very prompt reply to calm the impatient ardour of

N.

Sylvester's Sixth Sense

THE surf was thundering on the one ever took advantage of the palms were waving, triangular flags against the blue of the vester spoke without taking his in a ship's boat at sea is surely the heavens. Sylvester walked up eyes off the rolling sea beyond the limit. Maybe Sylvester will say it from the boats, mopping his fore-beach.

"Yes," he said softly, "I'll better to go."

"We can be off to-night," he marry Susanne. I know."

"There won't be any. Abbot muttered something under moon, but there won't be much sea his bristling moustache and turned to speak of."

The handful of men sitting under the verandah of the saloon looked up at him. One of them named Abbot spoke.

"What's the matter with you, dictated.

Sylvester?" he scowled. "You're Sylvester had a way of saying so blame sure about things. Maybe things which ended conversation. You'll be tickled to hear that we There was no moving him in an that was used to tow the nut boats. were just deciding to-night would argument on the sea or the general be bad. We can't get all the nuts life of the archipelago.

"She'll be flat by midnight," replied Sylvester. "I know."

Susanne, the daughter of the saloon keeper, came out at that moment and smiled towards Sylvester. She placed a huge tankard in front of him.

Nobody spoke until Susanne returned to the deep shadow of the saloon. Then it was Abbot again.

"Reckon that cocksureness of yours will land you one day, Sylvester. You keep your opinions in a cast-iron mould. Maybe you think you'll marry Susanne, hey?"

While you could count ten there was silence. The sneer in Abbot's tone was not very well disguised, and everybody on the island knew that it was a competition between the two who should get Susanne. She was worth getting, too.

Her colour was nearly white, and she was the prettiest thing in all Paumoto; and the Low Archipelago has some pretty girls.

The betting was about even on the two men. Susanne had not a bundle that had arrived by the last mail boat, but as suddenly he shrugged his shoulders and smiled to himself; but he rose all the nuts in the centre of the craft and

"That Trevessa case beats the record for an open boat's drift," he said loudly. "Twenty-three days

away. The other men shifted in confidence in his views was a new thing to them; and Abbot had a hot temper when contra-

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Sylvester's Sixth Sense

(Continued from Page 2)
stern of his boat; his arm was crooked over the tiller.

He was keeping his eye on the zig-zagging masthead light of the big cutter while he steered against the heave of the sea.

The rhythm of the movement of the boat was soothing to his tired limbs, for he had had a hard day, but his energy had been used because the people on the islands who had no nuts wanted them badly, and he had promised them.

He saw the boat ahead of him swinging against the tide, shouldering the waves lumberingly. His own boat, with the aid of the tiller, was taking the strain from the ropes.

Not a sound came to him

JANE

through the night save the wash of the sea and the occasional whipping of the rigging of the cutter which he could not see.

The warm atmosphere of the night acted as a soporific, and his head drooped over his chest. He was not sleeping, merely taking advantage of the even swing of his boat to relax and rest, for this was the only way he could rest until he had landed the nuts.

Suddenly his ear caught a sound from ahead which made him become alert swiftly. He bent forward, peering into the blackness.

A short, sharp cry rang out, and a splash followed.

Sylvester bounded over the nuts in the bottom of his boat and reached the bows in time to see a white face swing past him on the sea. He threw out his arms, leaning over the gunwale, and grabbed.

A hand touched his. He held it

firly against the swell of the waves, and hauled with all his strength. The white face came upward towards him.

"Brace against the boat," he cried. "Here! Grip! Now then!"

He put his hands on the shoulders of the man and hauled him to safety.

"Abbot!" he cried.

(To be continued.)

ALEX CRACK

When the young bride came up from the laundry room, she met her husband on the stairs. Noticing an impatient look on his face, she said, "You're not peev'd about the laundry not being done, dear?"

"Yes, I am," was his answer. "I feel out of shorts already."

* * *

We spent a very convivial evening commiserating with other people on their troubles.

SARAH BERNHARDT WROTE IT

(Undated.) I am as hungry for them as for food, I am thirsty for them, and my Where are you to-night? thirst is overwhelming. Your words Your letter came only an hour ago are my food, your breath my wine. —cruel hour—I had hoped you You are everything to me. would spend it with me here.

Your Sarah.

Paris is a morgue without you: before I knew you, it was Paris, and I thought it heaven; but now it is a vast desert of desolation and loneliness. It is like the face of a clock, bereft of its hands.

All the pictures that hung in my memory before I knew you have faded and given place to our radiant moments together.

Now I cannot live apart from you; your words, even though bitter, dispel all the cares of the world and make me happy; my art has been suckled by them and softly rocked in their tender cradle; they are as necessary to me now as sunlight and air.

PUZZLE CORNER

When you have filled in the answers to the clues given, you will find the centre column down gives you a luscious fruit:

1. To exult.

2. Collar of coat.

3. To transport across water. **Solution to Puzzle in No. 720.**

4. Belief.

5. Small surface or face.

6. Company of soldiers.

7. Entire sum.

(Solution to-morrow).

1.									
2.									
3.									
4.									
5.									
6.									
7.									

1. t o P i c s	2. f o O l s e s	3. d o U k s e s	4. t a x L k s e s	5. e d o T o c s	6. e f t o r Y s	7. t o r Y s
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People Are Queer

THE Emperor of Japan has one consolation left. He is still a member of the Linnean Society, which has its headquarters in London. Some of the members thought they were going to get rid of him the other day, when it was announced that a ballot would be taken to decide whether he should be struck off the roll.

But at the last moment it was found that the by-laws of the Society made it a tricky business. So the Mikado stays—for the time being.

If you meet a man with a funny face trying to look serious and pushing a pram along the roads at Chislehurst, Kent, it will be that famous stage star, Leslie Henson.

His wife recently presented him with a son. Leslie has taken the gift very seriously, and is not too proud to push it around in a pre-war second-hand pram at week-ends.

If ever you go to Worthing and get annoyed with the conductor of a bus, don't call him a "slow-coach."

He may take it personally, for it's on the cards that the conductor is Mr. George Sessions, known as "Steve."

And "Steve" used to blow a yard of tin as guard of a London to Hampton Court stage coach. He's 67, but still got plenty of "blow" left in him.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

GASH	LAYERS
ALLOWED	MOT
EMIT	NINETY
LOPES	TONAL
LN	LIPIDOLE
PET	CROSSED
ARUM	EWE M
M	REBELLION
PENN	EDNA
AXE	LEASE M
SERVED	SAGE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	3	11				12		
13						14		
15						16		
17				18	19			
20		21				22	23	
24		25				26		27
28	29	30				31	32	
33					34			
35					36			
37							38	

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Money. 5 Tasmanian town. 10 Anger. 12 Through. 13 Hand-cart. 14 Splendour. 15 Sugar coating. 16 Stupid. 17 Obscure. 18 Drink. 20 Allot. 25 Bellow. 26 Place. 28 Wry turn. 31 Remain. 33 Flabby. 34 Illusion. 35 Card. 36 Legislature. 37 Sinew. 38 Aerie.

CLUES DOWN.—2 Tree. 3 Crustacean. 4 Wind instrument. 5 Chop. 6 Otherwise. 7 Warwick's river. 8 Edges. 9 Light. 11 Naval record. 13 Command. 14 Fairy. 16 Alight from train. 19 Time system. 21 Uphold. 22 Narcotic. 23 Prods. 24 Great success. 27 Mound. 29 Edible seeds. 30 Fortent. 32 Husks. 34 Chess pieces. 36 Thus.

GARTH



JUST JAKE

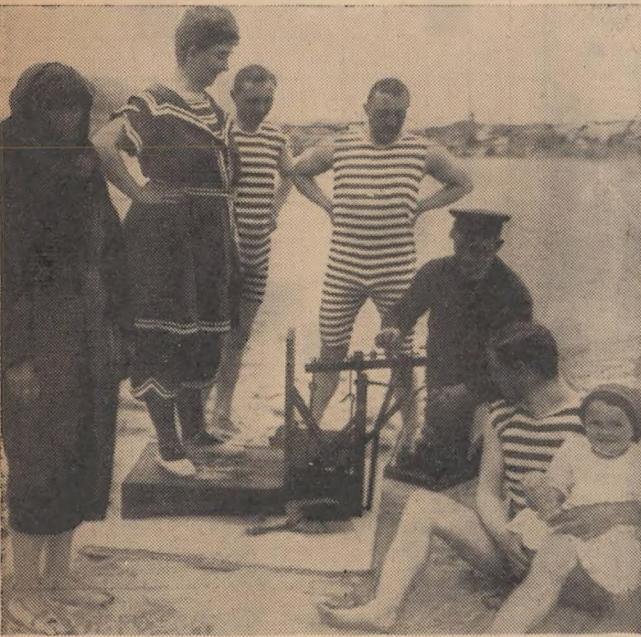


Good Morning



★ OUR DREAMS ARE GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME!

When we first dreamed about Pat Clark, Warner's un-Cover Girl, she was wearing a fur coat. The next night she took it off. The next night she was wearing a play-suit. Last night she was dressed like this. We're going to bed early to-night, chaps!



★ CHANNEL SWIMMERS WEIGH-IN. ★
The porpoise on the scales on Brighton beach was trying to swim the Channel about the same time as Bleriot was flying it. She may be trying still—for all we know, or care. We have eyes only for those natty zebra-striped swim-suits!



★ HIGH - FLYER

Can YOU do the splits, five feet in the air? We thought not! But this gal can—and she proves it for you.



★ "THUNDERHEAD" FIGHTS TO THE DEATH. This terrific fight takes place in the film, "Thunderhead, Son of Flicka," when a wild stallion threatens the boy master. Thunderhead kills the stallion and rounds up the herd. But he has too strong a taste for the freedom of the hills ever to be content in a corral. So, reluctantly, the boy lets him go.